

# Life

JUNE 8, 1922

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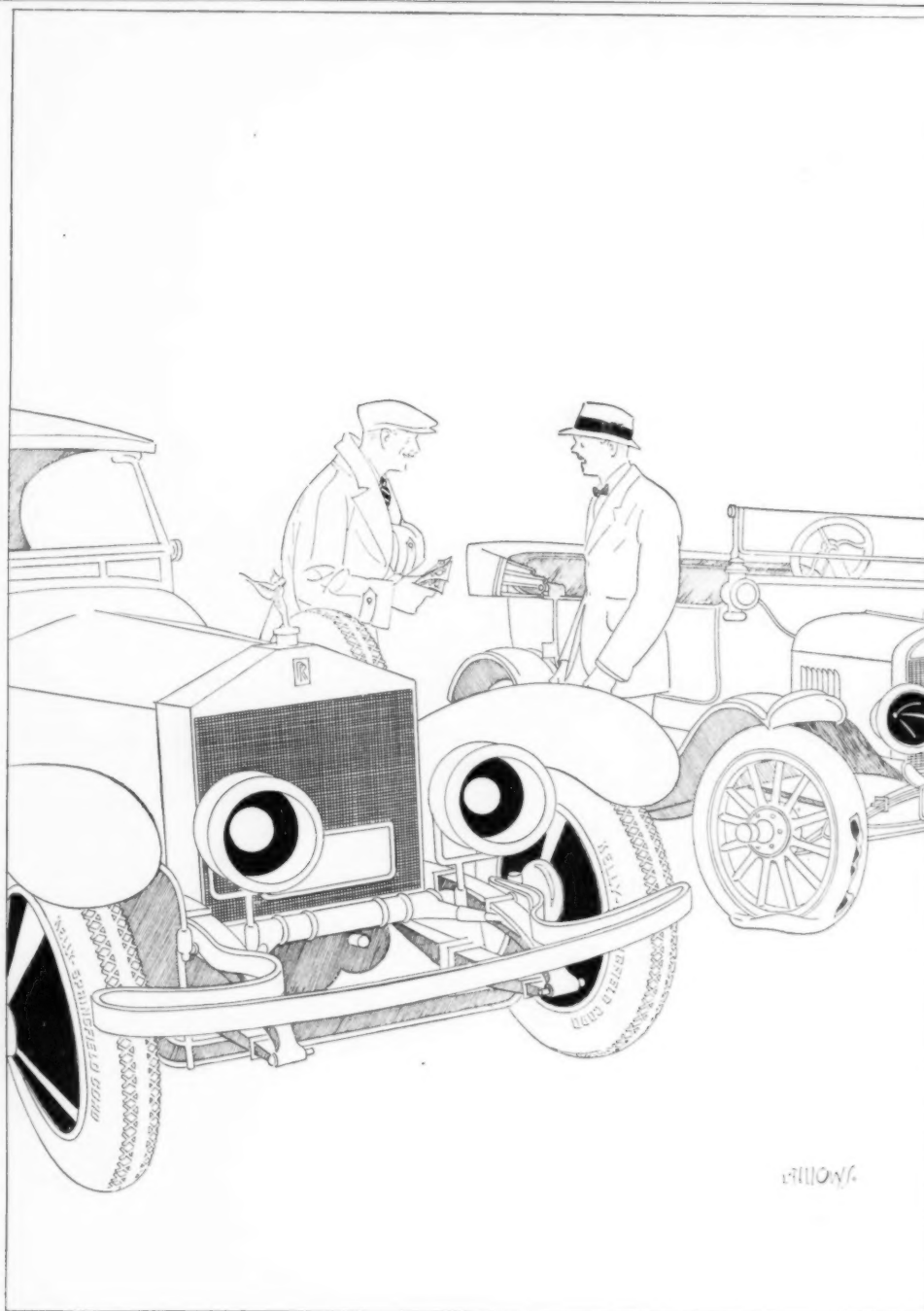


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— B. CORY KILVERT —

## AMERICAN-ANGLO NUMBER

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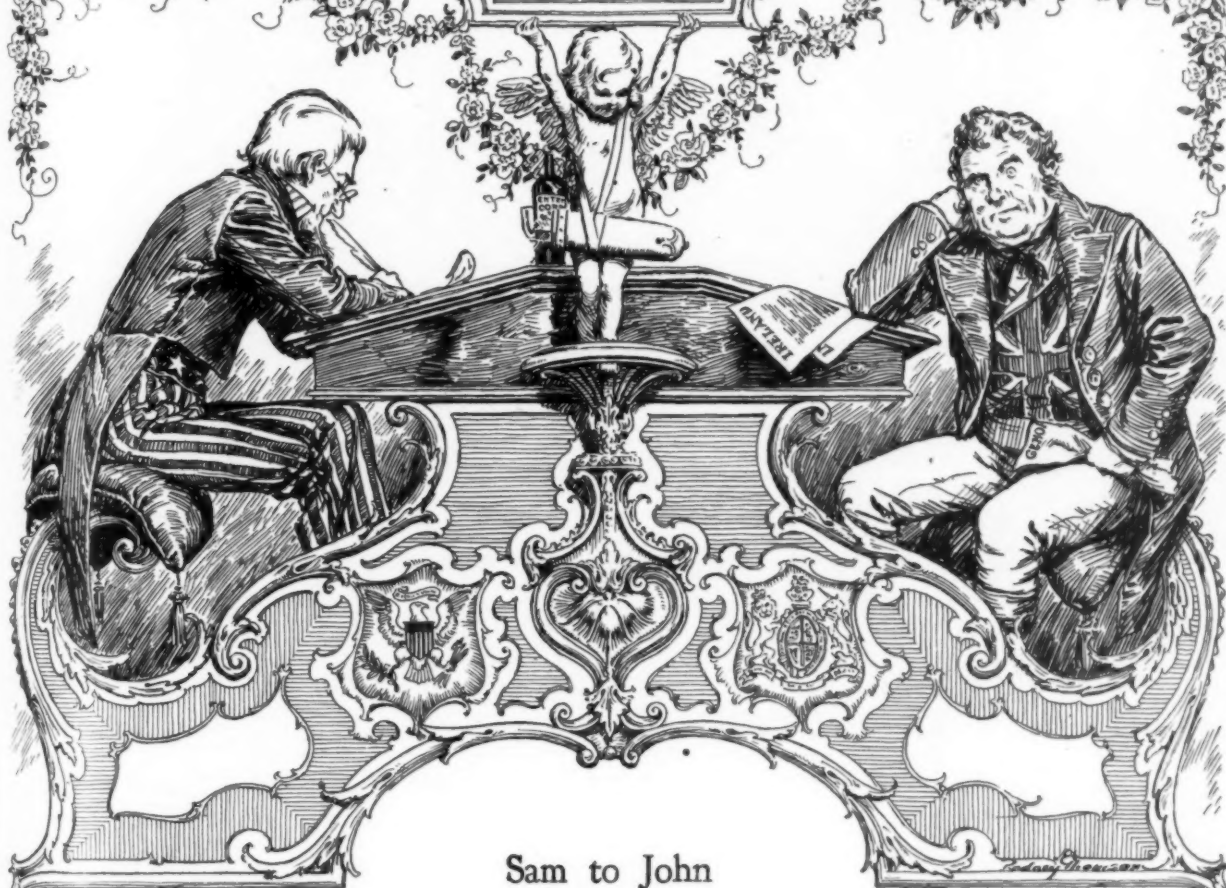
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# LIFE



## Sam to John

DEAR John, I am moved by the course of events  
To write you a neighborly line,  
Which I hope you won't think is at all a defence  
Of a recent refusal of mine.  
I know that you feel that I ought to come in  
And sit in that Genoa game;  
"There's Sam," you remark, "simply loaded with tin!  
Why, the money he's got is a shame!"

Well, I'll have to admit there's some sting in that slap,  
And I do feel at times rather blue,  
To think that the job of ree-vising the map,  
Should be borne so exclusive by you.  
But, John, as you know, this here Europe is not  
What you might call a piece of my land,  
And though its condition, of course, means a lot,  
Still, I've got my own troubles on hand.

And when I observe how you shifted the buck  
To Ireland, and what a hooray  
They raised at the wonderful turn in their luck  
And then, when I see 'em today!—  
Though I know there ain't no sort of shadow of blame  
On you, still, when such things I see,  
Well, John, I'm plumb scared to come into your game.  
Gosh! just think what you might hand to me!

But when you get through and the gang says good-night  
If you need any comfort at all,  
Well, I guess you know where you can find it all right,  
And you won't have to wait in the hall.  
Our cellars have run sort of dry, I confess,  
But we still have a glass for a pal,  
And some wine that you'll find kind of tasty, I guess;  
It's this here, now, Entente Cordiale.

G. S. C.

## LIFE, WITH APOLOGIES TO PUNCH



ROLLIN  
KIRBY  
WITH APOLOGIES  
TO PUNCH

The "Punch" Sportsman. "EVERY WEEK FOR THE PAST SEVENTY YEARS I'VE HAD TO DO THIS. I'M FED UP."

### "EYE, SPY—"

ERMINTRUDE has never held my accomplishments as a gardener in very great awe. To her I am just jolly old Phil. Which, after all, is all that I am.

I therefore found it difficult to convince Ermintrude of my desire to dig.

"Dig?" she said. "Dig what?"

"Oh, any jolly old thing," I replied, somewhat nettled. As if, once I had given enough thought to the thing to have come to a conclusion to dig, I had not also selected an object for my endeavours.

"Are you sure you know how?" she asked.

"Absolutely," I said with dignity. I find that it does not pay to become elaborate in reporting to Ermintrude. She doesn't listen after the first three words.

"Abelard didn't know how to dig," she said.

"Abelard *did* know how to dig," I replied heatedly, "and, even if he didn't, I don't quite see why some obscure inhibition in his make-up should have any effect on my perfectly decent impulses here in Devon."

"You forget, dear," said Ermintrude, "that Abelard was also a monk."

"A very rotten monk, though, you must admit. Just think back, like a dear." I had her there.

"Dig if you feel that you must," she replied, "but don't say I didn't warn you. It's just wasted energy. Will you have some tea first?"

"Ripping idea!" I said, and vaulted into the tiffin table. "Do you know, old thing, I've about come to the conclusion that I sha'n't dig at all."

"Tea or lemon?" said Ermintrude.

R. C. B.

### THE TRAVELLER

Who'd choose to be a traveller?—

That anxious railway-guide unraveller  
Who spends his nights in berths and bunks,

His days in chaperoning trunks\*;  
Who stands in line at gates and wickets  
To spend his means on costly tickets  
To Irkutsk, Liverpool and Yap  
And other dots upon the map.

He never rests, but always hurries  
From place to place, beset with worries  
About hotels and future trips  
And just how much to give in tips.  
He plods through galleries, museums,  
Cathedrals, castles, coliseums,  
And villages reputed quaint  
With patience worthy of a saint  
To give his friends the chance of  
hooting,

"You didn't visit Little Tooting?!!"

\* Yankee for boxes.

## LIFE, WITH APOLOGIES TO PUNCH



## "HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD"

Our Vicar (to Grandpa, but hoping the "deep moral" of his remarks will penetrate the soul of little Martha, who has been "caught napping" during sermon). "WELL, I AM PLEASED TO THINK THERE IS SOME ONE AT LEAST, AMONG MY PARISHIONERS, WHO NEVER GOES TO SLEEP!"

Little Martha (who is not to be caught napping twice). "OH NO, SIR, GRANDPA SCARCELY EVER GOES TO SLEEP IN CHURCH ANY MORE. HE IS GETTING SO DEAF HE CAN HARDLY HEAR A WORD YOU SAY!"

(The good Doctor, "honteux et confus," concludes little Martha is more "wide awake" than he thought and secretly hopes the story of his sudden discomfiture may never come to the ears of Mr. Punch. We fear he will again be disappointed.)

From an American seed catalogue:—"Our Jumbo tomatoes, if planted in April, will be ready for the table in March." Evidently some more of this American enterprise of which we hear so much.

"I am not prepared to undo the work of centuries," said Mr. Bottomley."—*Daily Paper*. It is our feeling that it was quite unfair to take Mr. Bottomley unawares like that. He should have been given at least ten minutes to prepare for such a task.

"A skull, believed to be that of a prehistoric man, was unearthed in Dorsetshire. It was in perfect condition, in spite of the rough handling given it by the workmen who dug it up."—*Provincial Paper*. Possibly a progenitor of the hard-headed American business-man who is

so often held up to us as a model—by hard-headed American business-men.

"There really has been no dissatisfaction with the management of the institution to cause us to investigate," said the Chairman at the start of the investigation."—*Daily Paper*. Then why investigate?

## Another Intimation of Immortality.

"DEAD SEA RISES TO RECORD LEVEL."  
—*Manchester Paper*.

"The highest previous production record was made last August when 9,000 employees turned out 109,000 cars."—*American Paper*. Startling corroboration of the Laborites' claim that in a few years labor-saving devices will have crowded the working-man to the wall.

"Mr. M— informed our correspondent that the only feeling he had in the matter was one of egret."—*Provincial Paper*. Obviously a feather in his cap.

## "PEER IN WINDOW JEERED BY MOB."

—*Sunday Paper*.

Are we in for another epidemic of Peeping Toms?

## "For Sale. Iron lady's bed-room set."

—*Provincial Paper*.

We feel sure that all those interested in history will relish this recently-unearthed evidence of the human side of that otherwise indomitable Iron Maiden of the Inquisition.

"Heavy rainfall is reported from all sections of the Pyrenees."—*Daily Paper*. Mr. Lloyd George should be told of this.





## SLAMS ACROSS THE SEAS

(An Exchange of Confidences)

"PERFECTLY topping idea, this Anglo-Amity among nations," said Mr. Punch, blowing a smoke screen from his Perfecto Perfecto. "Same ideals, same speech—same—"

"How about English lecturers?" interrupted LIFE.

"But, really, old chap, we simply have to send them *somewhere*," Mr. Punch protested. "It's all one to us whether they go to the Colonies or the States, if only they go. After all, y'know, what are a few lecturers in a melting pot?"

"The Melting Pot has come to a point where it needs skimming," said LIFE dryly, "and as for lecturers, we have our Senate, you know."

"A sort of cross between our House of Lords and a Lecture Bureau, I take it," ventured Mr. Punch.

"A House of Lords in its shirt sleeves," corrected LIFE.

"How extraordinary," exclaimed Mr. Punch. "Why do they sit in their shirt sleeves? Oh! on account of the central heating, I suppose. And now tell me, if you'll be so kind—dashed stupid of me not to know—but how many states are there in America?"

"Forty-eight states and the California climate," LIFE replied glibly.

"California climate. Quite so," exclaimed Mr. Punch. "Sort of American Riviera, I suppose. Run down there for week-ends, and bank holidays and what not. And, by the way, have you heard that no one goes to Scotland for the shooting any more?"

"Of course. The shooting is all in Ireland now," LIFE retorted.

"Ra-ther good, that! Shall have to make a note of it," laughed Mr. Punch. "And speaking of gunmen, I understand that you put them on pension, and all that sort of thing—We hang them."

"We do do strange things," was LIFE's sorrowful admission. "We are a Republic, and yet we made Balfour an Earl."

"Oh, I say!" Mr. Punch objected. Then he broke off suddenly. "Pardon—I catch your meaning now. The Washington Conference. Extraordinary how you discovered Mr. Balfour—pardon, I mean to say Sir Arthur. Still one can understand that. His character is so in keeping with your national observances: distilled water in a champagne glass."

"You mistake our national observances," LIFE said, solemnly. "Distilled water is socially ostracized until it's been pasteurized by a bootlegger. But the main point is we still laugh at the same things."

"Same things?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Prohibition for one," LIFE replied, emphatically.

"Well, ra-ther," Mr. Punch chuckled. "Oh, yes. Quite. But it must be a strain on your sense of humor. I mean to say, it can't be an easy thing to laugh when the joke's on you—what?"

"I hope you never know what it means," said LIFE.

"Not at all, old chap. Not at all," was Mr. Punch's light assurance. "Britons never shall be slaves, and all that sort of thing. England muddles through, y'know."

"But our reformers meddle through," LIFE warned.

"I sha'n't forget that," Mr. Punch promised. "Mind if I make a note of it, old chap? Thanks frightfully. It's been a pleasure. Really. Drop over to London some time soon. I have some rare old port—'sixty-eight."

"Top-hole!" LIFE exclaimed.

"Bully!" grinned Mr. Punch.

LIFE'S Agony Column  
(With apologies to the London Times)

## The Times

IF the American gentleman who was not drinking at the Ritz last Thursday evening cares to communicate with the English lady who smiled, he may address her "Cordial," The Slopes, Sleeping, Damp.

SNAPPY suits, in the prevalent one-button, pinch-back, belted coat styles at Grogg and Grogg, Ltd., Bond Street. By appointment tailors to His Majesty.

TO exchange, with suitable and responsible party, 674 salad bowls, 28 dz. steel engravings H.M. Queen Victoria and H.R.H. Prince Albert, 18 tea waggons, 187 sets Tennyson's Complete Poetical Works, 63 vols. Irish Views, 2 Scotch estates of one-half acre each for one (1) steam heating system. Lascelles, No. 8, The Times.

HERBERT.—No hope. She would not stay.—Bibesco.

YANK.—By calling at Peas and Cabbage pub. gent may have pint flask, empty, and packer of pamphlets on "Advantages of Prohibition to America" that he left on bar Saturday night. Enquire for the proprietor.

INFORMATION wanted by respectable widow of address in America of Herbert Hoover and his friend, Charles Chaplin. Both young gentlemen left my lodging house and forgot to settle their accounts. Mrs. Hawkins, No. 17 34, Achesall Road, Hanging Gardens, E. C.

HARVEY.—No use crying over spilt beans. Forwarding new crock for next banquet.—Pilgrim.

BUSINESS.—Have three thousand cases of Scotch and would like to hear from someone with ocean-going schooner. No pleasure trip in prospect. Venturesome, No. 73-Z, The Times.

LOST.—Manuscript of speech, "The Only Solution for Europe's Problems." Liberal reward if returned before I think of something else. The Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, No. 10, Downing St.

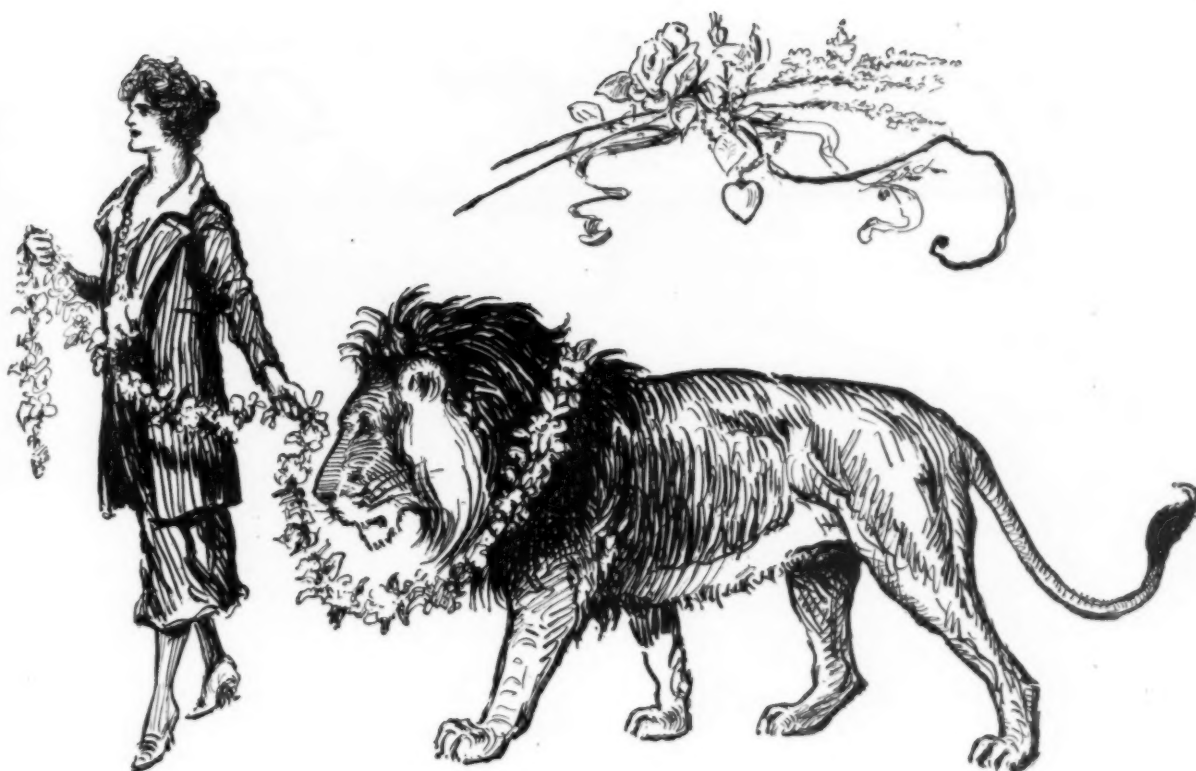
## The Bridge Muse

LADY, thy beauty is to me  
What Helen's was to Mr. Poe,  
You are, as far as I can see,  
A paragon, as women go;  
I like the gowns and hats you wear,  
I like your snappy line of talk,  
I like the way you do your hair,  
The way you walk.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned"—  
That is exactly what I'd say  
If only I could understand  
The game of auction that you play.  
Come, lovely maid, dispel my doubt—  
Answer me just one little thing:  
Why do you bid a club without  
The Ace and King?

B. L.





### To Lady Astor

*H*AIL, beauteous lady, world  
renowned,  
And hail to this, your latest  
capture

With Goldenrod and Roses crowned  
Who pads at heel with purrs of rapture,  
Can this sweet cat with fluffy pate  
In blissful thralldom to your charms  
Be the same beast that ramps irate  
Upon Great Britain's arms!

'Tis proud indeed we'll be some day,  
Who witnessed the incipient stages  
Of your triumphal march, to say,  
"We saw her started down the ages!"  
And by the way, dear, since you're  
quite

Well headed for the Hall of Fame,  
Don't hold your Lion's leash too tight  
Lest he forget he's tame.

'Tis true he lets you cut his claws  
And trim his beard or curl or shave  
it—

And knit wool mittens for his paws,  
And bob his mane, or marcel-wave it,  
But Lions have their limits, take  
LIFE'S friendly tip upon the quiet  
And don't attempt, for heaven's sake,  
To "pussyfoot" his diet!

O. H.

### AS ONE CROOK TO ANOTHER

"IT'S disgustin'," said the old crook  
to his pal, "the way them ama-  
toors is ruinin' our bizness."

"Yair," remarked his pal, from po-  
lice-force of habit non-committal.

"I can't pick up a noospaper without  
findin' four or five stories about a  
jobbie with eleven cents gettin' cracked  
over the sponce er drilled clean by two  
er three bums what ought to be ex-  
amined. It ain't right."

"Nar."

"Who wants to stick up a guy fer  
eleven cents? Time was when a feller  
in the perfession, like us, could frame  
up a nice, quiet little burglary—from  
the inside, maybe. If he did try to take

extry change off'n a stay-out, he done  
it clean, leavin' the victim intact an' un-  
ruffled with somethin' to talk about an'  
the ambition to work hard to recover  
his losses. We wasn't out fer unneces-  
sary murder and violence."

"You said it."

"There was romance to the perfec-  
sion, then. What we done, we done  
firm, but respectful. We didn't defy  
the lawr. We sidestepped it. We was  
crooks—but we was gentlemen. We  
was quiet. We didn't pull a job like  
it was a Irish argyment. An' now—  
with the shameless list o' vulgar,  
bunglin' amatoor shootin's growin'  
greater every day, who wants to be  
known as a crook? It's hurtin' us old-

school perfessionals sumpin' horrible.  
It's a howlin' outrage!"

"Ain't it!"

"From now on, I'm off it. I'm dis-  
gusted with tryin' to compete with a  
lot o' bums. I'm goin' straight."

"Wot!" exclaimed his taciturn pal.

"I'm goin' straight. I know a good  
bizness, with a quick turnover, what  
if run right and clean will bring its  
own rewards. And it ain't so dif-  
ferent that me trainin' as a crook will  
be lost. Them bunglin' amatoors can  
have the crook field. I'm goin' straight."

"Yair," scoffed his pal, incredulously,  
"wot's the bizness?"

"Bootleggin'!"

H. W. H.

## Life



## Lines

**S**OMETHING might yet be done about Prohibition. It's never too late to amend.

Judging from most of the flappers we've met, a better name for them would be The Dummy Virgins.

These are the days when the spirits of the dead have become the very life of the party.

What this country needs most is that Peggy Hopkins be barred from roto-gravure sections.

Lincoln split logs; the modern statesman merely rolls 'em.

June, July, August and September are the months when mosquitoes present their bills.

A telegram in Russia costs 50,000 rubles a word. But look at some of the words you can send.

Bootleggers refuse to join the Light Wine and Beer Union urged by Gompers. They prefer Volstead's Open Shop.

The 1922 evening gown has no hooks and all eyes are on the back.

Moving picture production is at a standstill, and coal isn't being screened, either.

Henry Ford may hold the Detroit record for speed in turning out junk, but Edgar Guest is snapping right at his heels.

One might infer from the report of the Court of Domestic Relations that there aren't any.

"World's Supply of Ivory Is Becoming Exhausted," says a headline. Brain fag?

For his faculty of getting in and out of holes quickly, Lloyd George might be called a Welsh rabbit.

Man's upward march continues. To-day his invention of the radiophone enables thousands to sit quietly in their own homes and listen to a girl in Newark singing "Yoohoo."

The Eskimo Pie, judging from those we've eaten, derives its name from the fact that the chief article of diet among the Eskimos is soap.

Now that they've invented buttonless underwear, maybe someone will give us a political campaign without buttons, too.

Lenine and Trotzky hope to produce a revival this summer by the Soviet Stock Company of "A Loan at Last."

They keep building larger and more magnificent ocean liners, but the last word in steamships is still, "All ashore that's going ashore."

The movie magnates are trying to prove that Hollywood isn't as red as it's painted.

Fifty million dollars in counterfeit Liberty bonds can never disturb a country where they're counterfeiting \$50,000,000,000 worth of Gordon gin labels.

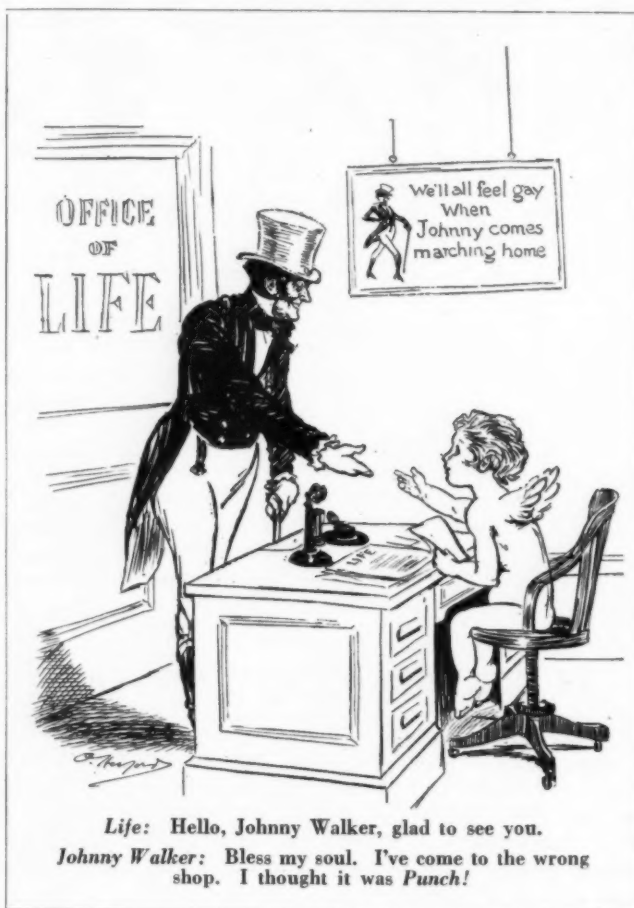
When anyone wants to lure the public into risky stock deals, he first of all fits up offices with costly furniture and panelling. To create popular confidence there's nothing like the Old Oaken Bucket-shop.

By special arrangement with the Anti-Saloon

League, Americans sailing for Europe this summer will be permitted to check their allegiance at the three-mile limit.

The House of Representatives doesn't know how it will manage to raise cash to pay the bonus if the bill passes the Senate.

In other words, the House is pinched.



*Life:* Hello, Johnny Walker, glad to see you.

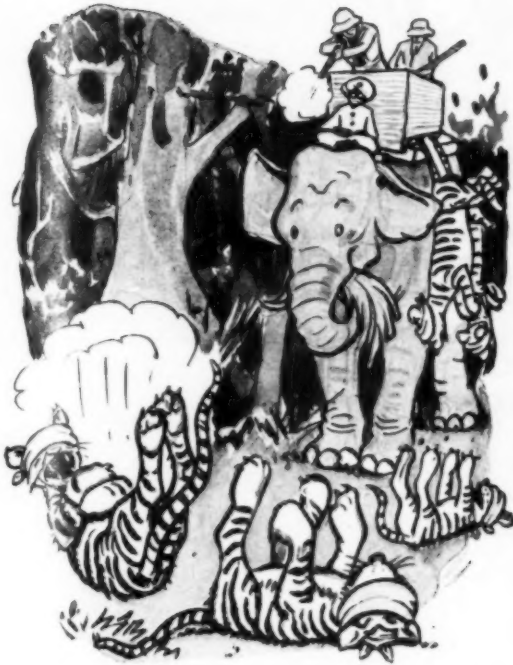
*Johnny Walker:* Bless my soul. I've come to the wrong shop. I thought it was Punch!

No matter how many additional members Congress has, there will always be plenty of room for improvement.

Hereafter, when desiring to engage another nation in combat, a country will be required to serve formal notice three times.

This, presumably, is what is known as civil war.

Several Days in the Life of the Most Popular Young Gentleman in the World



The Prince Hunting Blind Tigers in India



Fishing for Salmon in the Canadian Northwest



Big Game in South Africa



Shooting Rabbits in Australia



### The Man About Town

"If I had my life to live over again I'd have nothing to do with women."

### To Sir Owen Seaman

TO you whom last I saw absorbing  
lunch

('Twas at the Cheshire Cheese, O  
princely gleeman!),

To you, sagacious editor of *Punch*,

In point of fact, to you, Sir Owen  
Seaman,

I tune my dulcimer; for you is blown  
My plaintive saxophone.

Yet can you prize a meagre serenade

When every week you have your  
Charivari?

Who marks another star, but feebly  
rayed,

When all his sky is gloriously starry?  
But though you want no medals, any-  
how

I'll pin one on you now:

Because you knew your task—to  
hearten men

For griefs that were and griefs to  
come thereafter.

When all the world went mad, you  
proved again

The saving sanity of valiant laughter  
And reared against the tyrannies of  
earth

Indomitable mirth.

Besides, what edifying lights you throw

On Uncle Sam, his nephews and his  
nieces!

What curious Americans you know!

They constitute an unfamiliar species  
Whose habitat is England; for, it's  
queer,

We never meet them here.

Their speech is odd; to us it's heathen  
Greek.

They swagger so! they strike fan-  
tastic poses.

Their slang is weird and shamefully  
antique.

They brag profusely, always through  
their noses,

And drawl persistently, in joy or stress,  
"I reckon," or "I guess."

Enough of that. What difference does  
it make!

For when did brother fail to mock  
at brother?

Then let us mock for old acquaintance'  
sake

And have our quips and flings at one  
another;

And while we laugh, "What fools we  
mortals be!"

Let's emphasize the "we!"

A. G.





The Fancier

## Reinforcing the Bonds of Brotherhood

(Editor's Note:—This is an article on the need for reinforcing the bonds of brotherhood.)

**T**HERE is an appalling amount of ignorance among Americans as to the true conditions of life in England. In fact, it is only equalled by the ignorance among Englishmen concerning the true conditions of life over here.

We send our movies to Great Britain. They send their lecturers to the United States. And, as a result, there is a lamentable misunderstanding on both sides. If this misunderstanding is allowed to increase, who can tell the results? Who wants to?

The remedy must be effected in the schools. The young idea must be taught to shoot his hands across the sea. He must learn that the old 'erring pond isn't so wide after all, particularly when measured in nautical miles.

To do this, we should introduce courses into our schools that will give instruction on the native customs and language of England. The average American boy knows more about life in ancient Athens than he does about life in Liverpool. He can speak more fluently in German, French or even Latin than he can in English. And the same rule prevails on the other side of the ocean.

Every American high school student should be compelled to pass a test like the following before he can receive his diploma:

1. How many steps are there in Wapping-old-Stairs?
2. What is a Bath Bun?
3. Who is Horatio Bottomley? Why?
4. How do you pronounce the following words:  
Cholmondeley?  
secretary?  
Irene?  
lieutenant?  
Llmmgwffymmlldnwydd?

5. How many times has David Lloyd George's name appeared in the columns of the Northcliffe press? How many of these references have been complimentary?

6. Translate the following passage:

The navy awoke at four and twenty minutes past seven, put on his high-boots, his vest, his braces, his sock suspenders and his waistcoat, among other articles of apparel. He then used the wash-hand-stand, lighted a fag with a Vesta, donned his bowler, and proceeded to the green grocer's, where he purchased some stores, including beet-root, maize, treacle, tinned goods and biscuits. After which he walked for a bit along the footpath, passing a chemist's, a draper's shop, a fishmonger's, not to mention a bobby, a bagman, a



"Say, Billy, it'll be a joke on us if the Ice Cream Parlor won't take Spanish Doubloons an' Pieces of Eight after we find 'em."



Why Sourby reads "Punch" instead of "Life"

coster, a tinker, a corn-factor, a lift-boy, and a number of trippers. He then bought some sweets at a confectioner's, and as it was a bank holiday, he went to a cinema where he read the agenda. He had now spent eleven and tuppence, and he only had a tanner left, so he purchased a penny dreadful and rode home by tram.

\* \* \*

In the English schools, the test would be about as follows:

1. What was Milwaukee formerly famous for?
2. Who led the National league in base-stealing in 1921?
3. Describe the occupation of any two of the following three men: Hart, Schaffner and Marx.
4. What are "the cat's whiskers"? Name an example.
5. What did the Governor of South Carolina say to the Governor of North Carolina? Do you consider that he was justified in his attitude?
6. Translate the following passage:

Jones had a big proposition that looked sure-fire. He expected to clean up on it like Babe Ruth does with a high one on the outside. He had already swung a big merger and sold a bunch of hard-boiled eggs on it. He had them all gypped and the suckers were sitting up and calling him daddy. He got into the hicks for a hundred thousand fish and soon had a roll that would choke a hippopotamus. But the bulls got hep

and in the end Jones had a couple of central-office dicks around his neck. They railroaded him up the river, and now he's doing a stretch—making the big ones into little ones.

This is the idea. If we can only convince our British cousins of its value, before long we shall all be clipping coupons from the bonds of brotherhood.

R. E. S.

### England!

OH, England! When your lanes are fringed with green;  
When the faint gray of dusk has settled down  
Softly, upon a countryside serene,  
The far-off bells of some cathedral town  
Float on the scented twilight's lazy wind  
Into the drowsy shadows, and their tones,  
Borne on the night, swell over seas to find  
Somewhere beyond, a heart that England owns.

In the sweet silence of the fading day,  
When the first flush of evening shrouds the land,  
Children turn back from noisy, troubled play  
To clutch their mother's reassuring hand;  
And hearts attuned to peaceful chimes may know  
The call of what was homeland long ago.

J. K. M.





JUNE 8, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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**W**AR does not let go its hold on this world without a struggle. It was struggling hard at Genoa to keep its job as arbiter of the destinies of the nations. One gets a general impression that Mr. Lloyd George is doing his best to beat it, and that M. Poincaré holds to the conviction that it is still an indispensable factor in human affairs. France just now is highly proficient in war and seems inclined to rely more or less on that proficiency to provide her, as far as possible, with funds to meet her engagements, thereby reducing the burden of taxation which Frenchmen do not seem to shoulder with the resolute responsiveness that the English show.

If any one wants evidence of the strength of the hold that war has upon the human imagination he has only to walk about in any great capital and look at the monuments. For the most part they are monuments to victory, or to generals or admirals who were successful fighters, or to royal personages who personified the management that produced victories. King Edward VII was in his person as unmilitary a potentate as one could well think of, though exceedingly proficient in diplomacy and the arrangement of alliances. Here in London there is a bronze figure of him, not standing, the familiar stout gentleman with a cigar in his hand and being agreeable in just the right way to the right person at the right time, but on a high horse on a high pedestal, with feathers in his hat, and spurs on his royal heels. In King Edward's hands the pen

was much mightier than the sword, but no pen, neither quill nor fountain, did the sculptor give him. St. Paul's Cathedral is a temple of Mars, full of generals and admirals, with Wellington at the top; good and valiant men undoubtedly, most of them, and worth their monuments, but after all, not the only pebbles on the long beach of time. There are others besides the captains and the kings to whom the world owes something and in the Abbey, to be sure, that is recognized. But is there anywhere in London a monument to John Wesley? There was a man of enormous importance and value and devotion and ability, beside whom a large proportion of the objects of public sculpture were mere rushlights, but his work was done outside of the organization, and it is the great machine of government that sees to public monuments. Has it put one up yet to General Booth? Perhaps some day it will. John Wesley was a general and a great organizer; Booth was like unto him with differences. They both worked notably and successfully on the most necessary of all jobs, to improve character in the world and make the mass of men fitter to live,—in short, to beat the Devil, which is, to be sure, the same job the Field Marshals and Admirals have been on when they have been really useful.



**A**LAS, this foolish world! this foolish race of men, which wanders so obtusely in its course, and moves so slowly and by such bloody paths from indirection to di-

rection! Will Lloyd George have a monument in London some day? Probably he will, about the time, perhaps, when a monument to Mr. Wilson comes to seem necessary to the embellishment of New York. But his late job, to beat the Devil at Genoa, was an exceedingly complicated and difficult task. It has looked at times as though it could not be done without first beating the French, but the two tasks are not identical. None of the Allied nations wants to beat the French. The trick is to beat the Devil and persuade the French to countenance and abet the performance. That is what, at this writing, Lloyd George seems to have been trying to do, with the immediate issue doubtful.

E. S. M.

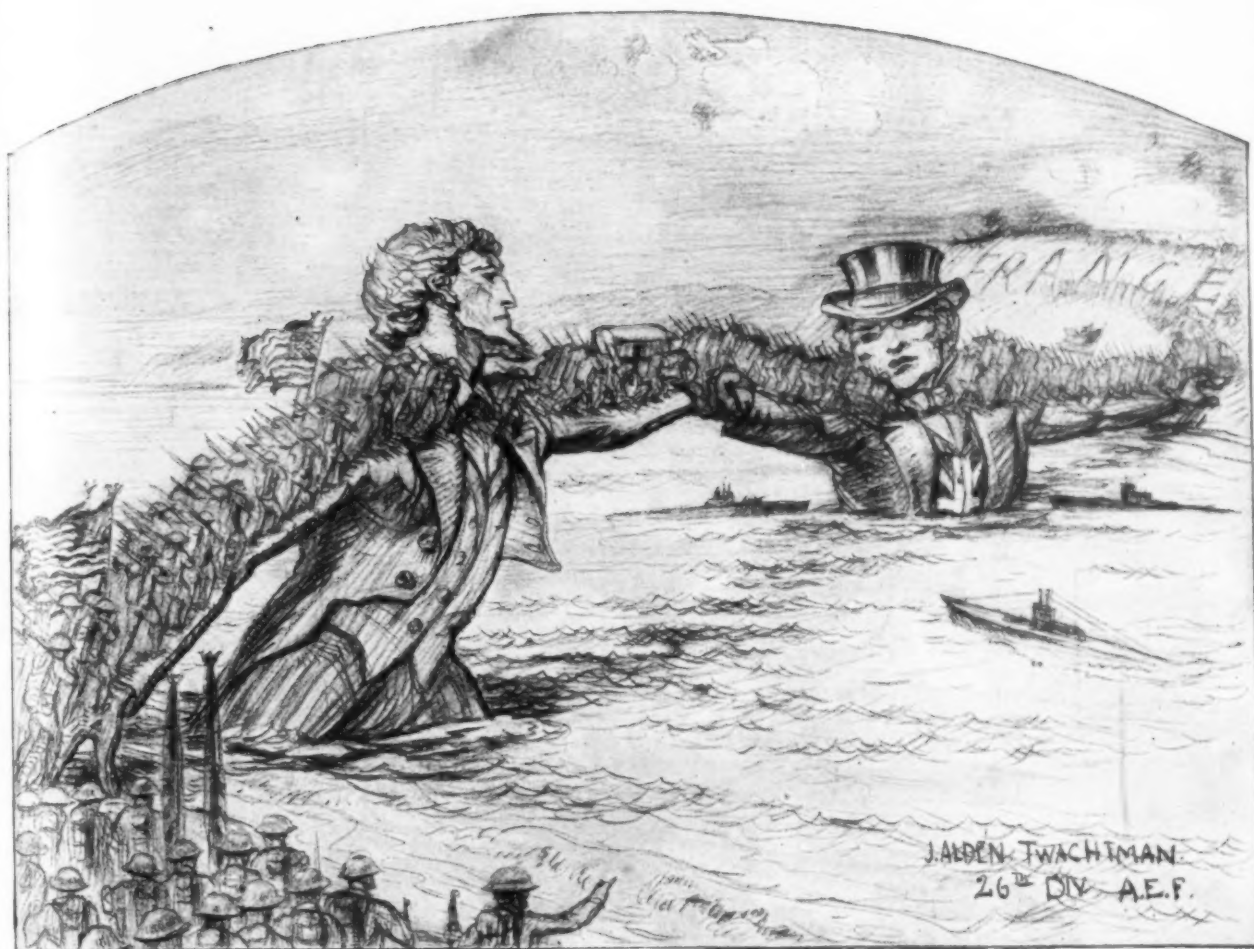


### The Pussy-Shyness of Sir James Barrie

**S**IR JAMES BARRIE has enjoyed, if he has not honestly earned, the reputation of being the shyest man in England, which, since the United States and Canada are not likely to enter the competition, may be taken to mean the shyest in the English-speaking world. And if there is any ordeal at which a man stands in need of all the shyness he can summon to his aid, it is that of his instalment as Rector of St. Andrews.

Sir James' address, as an expression of shyness, is a model of perfection—so perfect is it that one becomes suspicious of the source of its perfection, and asks oneself whether it be possible that any one (quite apart from his being Scotch)





### Lest we forget

could be so supremely—so colossally—shy and self-effacing without concentrated preparation and hard work. In other words, is it possible that a sensation so elusive in itself and so inimical, if not destructive, to all expression, can ever be so perfectly expressive of itself?

Is it possible to be self-consciously self-effacing? That is the question I ask myself—and having seen Sir James in one of his shyest moments and marvelled at the courage of his shyness, I am still unable to answer.

Just as there are various kinds of courage—so are there several varieties of shyness.

There is, for instance, the sort of courage now made illegal by act of Congress and known as Dutch courage—and a very good substitute it is, while it lasts. To be sure, there is no Dutch shyness nor, for that matter, is there any Irish shyness or

Russian or even Californian shyness, but there is a sort of shyness that might be called Scotch-shyness because it has all the advantages and none of the inconveniences of the genuine article. Scotch-shyness is its right name, but I prefer to call it Pussy-shyness—because, though it was undoubtedly invented in Scotland, it finds its happiest and perhaps its most sympathetic expression in the insouciant diffidence of the household cat who—

*Teaches us that in life's walk  
'Tis better to let others talk,  
And listen, while they say instead  
The foolish things we might have said.*

For the writing man who, not being from Scotland, cannot claim it as a gift, what a priceless accomplishment this Pussy-shyness would be—if there were any way of learning or acquiring it.

There are many books and pamphlets and "systems" for teaching young men to be bumptious and pushing and dynamically vital and self-expressive—and a lot of other equally offensive things that are supposed to help them to a higher salary—but there is no book, no pamphlet, no "system" to teach that most practical of all aids to worldly success—the art of shyness. A college of shyness—situated somewhere in the Middle West and (if I might suggest a name) called after Miss Amy Lowell—would do perhaps more to create in the next generation a healthy reaction from the bumptious incompetency and criminal dullness of that newly heralded collection of writers represented by Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Carl Sandburg, Sinclair Lewis—and others too tedious to mention.

O. H.









### A Pair of Little Rascals

THERE was something about the name, "The Rotters. (The Tale of a Respectable Family)" which bred a faint hope that something good might be in store for the poor goofs who still go to the theatre these warm evenings. Shortly after the beginning of the first act, this tiny hope coughed quietly and died. And before the second act was well under way, word was being passed along the street corners and in the market-place, where little knots of excited men and women were gathered to hear the news, that "The Rotters" was just about the worst show of the season.

Once you have said that, there really isn't very much more to say, except that it received an appropriate presentation at the hands of a cast of healthy people.



ON the night following the presentation of "The Rotters," residents of Broadway, New York City, were startled by the sound of horses' hoofs clattering up the famous thoroughfare. Rushing to their windows they saw a man, in Colonial costume, riding a bay mare from whose eyes flashed fire. The man was shouting as he rode, and his message was: "The Rotters' is no longer the worst play in town!"

'Abie's Irish Rose' has just opened!"

"Abie's Irish Rose" is the kind of play in which a Jewish boy, wanting to marry an Irish girl named Rosemary Murphy, tells his orthodox father that her name is Rosie Murphesky, and the wedding proceeds.

Any further information, if such could possibly be necessary, will be furnished at the old offices of "Puck," the comic weekly which flourished in the '90's. Although that paper is no longer in existence, there must be some old retainer still about the premises who could tell you everything that is in "Abie's Irish Rose."



IF the phrase "a notable revival" is ever justified it will be in connection with the production of "The Rivals" which the Players Club is doing this week (beginning June 5th) at the Empire Theatre. Following is the cast:

Tyrone Power, *Sir Anthony*; Robert Warwick, *Jack*; John Craig, *Sir Lucius*; Francis Wilson, *Bob Acres*; Henry Dixey, *Fag*; James T. Powers, *David*; Mary Shaw, *Mrs. Malaprop*; Violet Heming, *Lydia*; Patricia Collinge, *Lucy*.

With such a cast, this first of a series of annual revivals which the Players expect to give ought to make the exit of an otherwise staggering season a dignified and memorable one.

Benchley.

## Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

### More or Less Serious

**The Bat.** *Morosco*.—Murder mystery of long standing.

**The Cat and the Canary.** *National*.—Fifty creeps to the minute.

**The Hairy Ape.** *Plymouth*.—A powerful and bitter play by Eugene O'Neill very effectively done.

**Lawful Larceny.** *Republic*.—Unimpressive material made into something interesting if nothing else.

**The Pinch Hitter.** *Henry Miller's*.—To be reviewed later.

**The Nest.** *Forty-Eighth St.*.—A poignant play, excellently done.

### Comedy and Things Like That

**The Bronx Express.** *Astor*.—Fantastic comedy.

**Captain Applejack.** *Cort*.—Extremely amusing burlesque romanticism.

**The Rivals.** *Empire*.—To be reviewed later.

**The Demi-Virgin.** *Eltinge*.—All right if nothing makes you sick.

**The Dover Road.** *Bijou*.—Delicious English comedy, with Charles Cherry.

**The First Year.** *Little*.—Still in the lead and quite rightly so.

**The French Doll.** *Lyceum*.—A rather ordinary play with Irene Bordoni and an extraordinarily good cast.

**Kiki.** *Belasco*.—Lenore Ulric in a notable characterization of a little *cocotte*.

**The Rubicon.** *Hudson*.—Not for theatre-parties, even of old friends.

**Six-Cylinder Love.** *Sam. H. Harris*.—Ernest Truex and June Walker in a lot of hilarious trouble over an automobile.

**To the Ladies!** *Liberty*.—Some of the most original comedy in town.

**The Truth About Blayds.** *Booth*.—Excellent and amusing iconoclasm.

**Up the Ladder.** *Playhouse*.—Old-fashioned play with a new-fashioned angle.

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Blossom Time.** *Ambassador*.—Real music.

**Chauve-Souris.** *Forty-Ninth St.*.—Russian artists in an arrangement of old favorites.

**For Goodness Sake.** *Lyric*.—The Astaires' dancing is worth seeing.

**Good Morning, Dearie.** *Globe*.—Good all-around entertainment.

**The Hotel Mouse.** *Shubert*.—Not much of a show but Frances White has some new songs.

**Make It Snappy.** *Winter Garden*.—Eddie Cantor in white-face.

**Marjolaine.** *Broadhurst*.—Mary Hay in a charming musical version of "Pomander Walk."

**The Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*.—Now that the prices are down there really is no excuse for not seeing it.

**The Perfect Fool.** *George M. Cohan's*.—Ed Wynn in a great deal of trouble.

**The Rose of Stamboul.** *Century*.—Large musical comedy well sung by Tessa Costa, with James Barton for comedy purposes.

**Tangerine.** *Casino*.—Julia Sanderson in what has been quietly running along as a big hit.





Uncle Sam: Hi! Libbie, where are you going?  
Liberty: Home to Mother!



**Conductor:** This train is making forty miles an hour, Madam.  
**Old Lady:** Now don't try to fool me, young man. We've only been gone twenty minutes.

### After-Dinner Blackstone

"HERE you are, and here am I," said the Lawyer, bending over the coffee cups and placing a pepper-shaker and a salt-cellar next to each other in the center of the table.

"One moment," I interrupted. "If I am to be the pepper, I insist on something worthy of me." I substituted paprika.

"This knife is Forty-Second Street, and the fork is Broadway."

"Better an oyster fork?" I suggested.

"At this point you ask me the way to the Aquarium, and I point north. You go north. My water glass is the Aquarium."

I meekly moved my pepper-shaker the length of the fork.

"Which prong?" I said as I got to Columbus Circle. He placed a piece of celery beyond it, which he said was Riverside Drive, and I moved up that.

"All right. You approach Grant's Tomb," he said, putting an oil cruet in the path of my pepper-shaker, "and you try to get in. Now, what have you?"

"French dressing," I exclaimed triumphantly.

"My point is this," he continued, ignoring me. "Are you attempting to get to the Aquarium?"

"I am," I said.

"But how could you, when the Aquarium is downtown? You cannot

attempt to get to a thing when it isn't there."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "you absent-mindedly drank up most of the Aquarium, and the waiter has removed it to refill it. But I'll be decent . . . All right, then. I'm not."

"Not what?"

"Not attempting to get to the Aquarium."

"And why not?" he said gleefully.

"You intended to get to the Aquarium, didn't you? You've been trying to get there ever since my salt-cellar misdirected you way back at Times Square. You were attempting to get to the Aquarium all the way up Broadway. During the whole distance of this celery to the oil cruet you were attempting to get to the Aquarium, weren't you," he said with a flourish, "or were you?"

"Yes!" I said.

"I mean, no!" I added.

And I believe I had him, at that.

C. F.

### Encouraging

HE WHO IS ABOUT TO TAKE IT UP: Tell me. How long does it usually take a man to learn to play golf?

HE WHO HAS GIVEN IT UP: Well, for the first five or six months you play a pretty rotten game. After that you grow gradually worse.

### The Question Eternal

THE motor rolled smoothly along. Bess and Joe settled themselves luxuriously against the upholstery, each sighing deeply in relief.

A glance behind assured them that the group outside the door of the bride's girlhood home was fading rapidly into obscurity. The happy couple hoped that no rice had settled on the car, but even the fear that it might have did not alarm them greatly.

The long months of preparation were at an end. The strain of the ceremony itself and the horrors of the wedding reception were over. The seeds of romance that had been planted almost in childhood had reached fruition. No wonder they were happy.

With a sigh, deeper than that of mere relief which she had breathed a moment before, Bess turned to her husband of three hours. In her eyes burned the light that has shone brightly since first maid turned her glance on hopeful man.

"Do you remember that day at Tremont's farm, Joe?" she asked. "That day when you fell in the cow pasture and got your new suit all covered with mud?"

Joe lied gallantly.

"You were about twelve, then, weren't you, dear?" his bride continued.

"I was," Joe answered. His heart throbbed faster with the remembrance of those innocent, carefree days of happy childhood, when he had romped with the little slip of a girl who had grown to womanhood and wifehood at his side.

"Well, tell me," Bess pleaded, and her husband thrilled to her every word, "tell me why you kissed that awful little Smith girl that afternoon."

J. K. M.

### Consolation

SOME ages hence, beyond a doubt, For learned men decree it,

Our sun will go completely out!"

Don't worry; you won't see it.

"All men pursue Fortuna's purse And madly strive to snatch it."

On gold there lies a taint, a curse!"

Don't worry; you won't catch it.

"To you, whose hopes inspire my lays Posterity, I deed them!"

Will unborn millions blame, or praise?"

Don't worry; they won't read them.

A. G.

## From Counter to Coronet



Adalbert Phipps was not exactly handsome, but something about him attracted attention—his legs, perhaps. He aspired above his humble station in the Notions; in fact, he had set his goal as the Ladies' Underwear Counter.



Though not exactly pretty, Lady Muriel Worcestershire had a face you could not forget, however hard you tried. When she saw Adalbert, her breath quickened. "I knew I'd forgotten the shrimps for dinner," she murmured.



That night our hero, pursuing his earnest studies in "Film Frolics," resolved to win the Lady Muriel. "By diligently knocking down thruppence on every sale, I shall soon be in a position to ask her hand," he soliloquized.



Fortune favored him. Next Sunday, while strolling in the park, he heard cries for help. Stealing bravely from the scene he ran thirty blocks without stopping; then he returned with a policeman. Lady Muriel was still breathing.



Invited to dinner, he more than held his own in the brilliant conversation. "Dammit, the beef's too rare," said the Duke. "Hairnets ain't what they was," said Adalbert. The Duchess and Lady Muriel said nothing.



But the Duke, seeing how Adalbert regarded his daughter, was anxious. Something must be done about it! He summoned all the other dukes in the family, and they agreed with him. But no one had any ideas. They never did have.



They need not have worried, for Adalbert's ardor did not cool. He proposed for Muriel. "Top hole," cried his Grace. "I'd begun to fear I'd never get the gal off my hands. She's a dud, but take her and God help you!"



Everyone was in good spirits at the wedding. Even the dowager Countess of Weems, who had not made a pleasant remark for forty years, said that they were well matched. Her record is still unbroken.



Happy Adalbert! He won his promotion; twins came to bless his home; also the Duke and the Duchess, hard hit by the income tax. "A jolly life," he often hisses of an evening. "What's that girl done with the dishmop?"



## THE LATEST BOOKS

**M**EMOIRS OF A MIDGET, by Walter de la Mare (Knopf). To the public wearied of bad-plumbing fiction—"Main Street," "Moon Calf," *et al*—and of petting fiction—"This Side of Paradise," "Cytherea,"—"Memoirs of a Midget" should come as a grateful relief. We never learn exactly Miss M.'s "measurements," but we do know that her bones were a "wren's picking," that the volume of air that she required would chill a dew drop, and a hundred other indirect evidences of her tiny-ness. Miss M. was exquisite, she was sharp. She could be cruel, and she could be bitter. In a thousand ways, normal mankind caused her the most refined torture; a torture only bearable because she could bury it in her woods, in solitude, and under the stars; in short, in beauty. Then, asks Miss M., what difference does mere *size* make? Men are pitiable, "They seem to fly to one another for company; and half their comfort is in their numbers." Hulking they are, to be sure, but why throw their coarseness in their faces? To rail against the world, is to court an evil greater than the world's loutishness: the pigmy mind and the pigmy spirit. And so Miss M. comes to the end of her story—a story of well-nigh incredible hardship of body and soul—thanking God that she has lived.

One puts down "Memoirs of a Midget" with the feeling that the jacket blurbs have not over-stressed their claims, that it *is* to be classed with "The Pilgrim's Progress," with "Alice," and with "Nostromo."

**YOUNG BOSWELL**, by Chauncey Brewster Tinker (Atlantic Monthly Press). It has been the fashion, ever since Macaulay's day, to laugh and sneer at James Boswell. To the average person, therefore, his name, if it means anything at all, means a ridiculous buffoon, teetering on the verge of downright idiocy. No one has done more to correct this injustice than Professor Tinker. Through

years of research, he has unearthed a number of Boswell's letters which throw floods of light upon hitherto unknown passages in Boswell's life: his love affairs, his visits to Rousseau, General Paoli, John

all is said and done, a greater man than Johnson himself?"

A word of gratitude is due the publishers who have done this book in a handsome manner, as "commercial" books go, and who were almost able, at the same time, to get its price down to a pre-war level.



### The Age of Reason

"Why don't you like this animal alphabet Aunt Abbie sent you?"

**Ralph Waldo Higinthwaite:** It does not interest me, mamma—it takes no cognizance whatever of the theory of evolution.

Wilkes. They are virgin soil; and it is our great good luck that they fell into the hands of the man who, of all living Johnsonians, is perhaps best qualified—by his thoroughness and by his entertaining style—to give them to the public. Boswell was shrewd—had he been a fool, the great men of his time would hardly have taken him up—he was humorous, he was a thoroughly good fellow, at times too thorough, it is to be feared, and he was a man of genius. And the more one learns of him, the more insistent the question, "Was he not, when

ciles. Do you want to know what were the restaurants that Mr. Van Vechten, or, as all the great people in the book call him, Carl, went to in Paris on his memorable 1907 visit? See page 54 and following. Are you curious to know who Edith Dale was, and who went to her parties? See Chapter VII. And there you will find the name of Peter Whiffle, and in no time at all you will see what a *very* wild young man he was. Not only wild, you know, but clever. My, the things he would think

(Continued on page 30)

**THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MEDICINE**, by Sir William Osler (Yale University Press). Despite the thumping big title, this is a book for that pathetic figure, the layman, provided, of course, he is one of those laymen with a passion for information in painless, homeopathic doses. Its author—"the best-balanced, best-equipped, most sagacious and most lovable of all modern physicians"—described it as "an aeroplane flight over the progress of medicine through the ages." The volume is profusely illustrated, and when you have finished it you will be able to hold and charm your family physician with all sorts of little stories about the Big Wigs and the ailments of the profession, from Galen to Colonel Gorgas, and from the use of castor oil among ancient Egyptians to the conquering of beri-beri by modern Americans.

**PETER WHIFFLE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS**, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). Awfully advanced and meaty. It is a kind of Social Register for the All Wise and the Dilatory Without Domiciles.

# Postmaster-General Will Hays Enters Into Hollywood

(In the Manner but Without the Connivance of Vachel Lindsay)

*The audience is to be taught how to simulate the sound of the bass drum, the tambourines, the lions and other audible properties. Let the speaker maintain a sonorous pontifical tone throughout.*

HAYS came first, with a guard of marines.

(Are you saved, Dave Griffith, are you saved?)

Hallelujah! cried the actorines.

(Are you saved, Charlie Chaplin, are you saved?)

Then came the cowboys, swaying in their saddles,

Then the comedians, a-swinging of their paddles;

Handsome heroes with their hair pomaded

Marched behind the General, strutted and paraded.

(Are you saved, Mack Sennett, are you saved?)

Hays came first with his teeth shining white,

Beating the bass drum with all his might.

(Are you saved, Bill Hart, are you saved?)

Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!

Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!

All the directors with their shiny puttees,

Ten thousand cuties with dimpled knees.

Hallelujah! cried the guard of marines,

Pounding out the chorus on their tambourines—

Zing, zing, zing-zing-zing!

Prominent producers, plutocrats,

Wearing little haloes on their tall silk hats—

(Are you saved, Doug Fairbanks, are you saved?)

They marched into Hollywood, beating on their drums,

Right through the harem scenes, right through the slums,

Right across the desert with the camels and the sand,

Tambourines banging in the Promised Land!

Zing! said the tambourines, zing! zing! zing!

Zing, zing, zing-zing-zing!

As Hays and his penitents started in to sing—

(Are you saved, Mary Pickford, are you saved?)

Bang! went the pistol of a Wild West sheriff,

Shooting German films with a *pro*-tective tariff.

Bang! went the rifles of the press sheet dispensers,

Firing volleys at the ranks of the censors.

Hays bore the banner,

Hays beat the drum.

(Are you saved, Charlie Ray, are you saved?)

Hollywood basked in its copyrighted sun.

(Are you saved, Tom Ince, are you saved?)

Hollywood wondered what was being done.

(Are you saved, Ben Turpin, are you saved?)

Out from the bungalows the people came pouring,

The comedy lions all came a-roaring—

Gr-r-r-r-r-r!

Vampire and villain, cave man and bum,

Following the boom of the big bass drum.

Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!

Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!

And they saw Will Hays and his sanctified band

Raising their banner in the Promised Land;

And they heard Will Hays in a voice like the sea,

Shouting, thundering: "Listen to me!

Listen to me!"

His words were like flame, his words were like fire,

His words purged Hollywood clean of mire,

His words made Hollywood whiter than the snow.

And all of the people started in to sing,

Started in to sing:

"We are saved (boom, boom),

We are saved (boom, boom),

We are saved, Will Hays, we are saved!"

S. K.



"Ef I kin git dis millyum down dat hill I kin devour it unseen."



"Chile, you suttinly is showin' speed."



"Hol' on dar, not so fast."



"Good Lawd! I hab visions ob trouble."



"Zing—!!!!—Zowie!"



"Dad blame him. He butt a pain inter my stummick, den eat de millyum his-sef."

## THE SILENT DRAMA



### "Watch Your Step"

IT is hard to see how the comedy, "Watch Your Step," can be much of a box office attraction. It is not a fabulously expensive production, it has no star, it offers no Babylonian episodes and no sex appeal, its director is comparatively unknown—in short, there is nothing about it to recommend except that it is an exceptionally good picture; and that consideration, of course, does not count in the box office.

"Watch Your Step" is a light comedy, directed, acted and constructed with much intelligence and genuine simplicity. Which means that it is thoroughly worth while.

The plot does not amount to much. It is cast in the same mold with most of the rural stories that Charles Ray and Douglas Maclean have been doing—and doing well—for the past few years. It is the familiar situation of a rich young man who is stranded in a country town, obtains employment in the general store, and falls in love with the village belle. But Cullen Landis, Patsy Ruth Miller and Bert Woodruff, in the leading rôles, and William Beaudine, the director, have lifted "Watch Your Step" to a plane that is several leagues above the average.

### "Lady Godiva"

I HAVE not been able to find out what European nation was responsible for the production of "Lady Godiva." It may have been Germany, and it may have been one of the Scandinavian countries. But, somehow or other, I do not feel that my pleasant peace of mind will be seriously menaced if I never learn who is guilty of this celluloid atrocity. I believe that my indifferent attitude will be shared by everyone else who is forced to see

"Lady Godiva." The picture's sole bid for popularity is based on the fact that Lady Godiva once rode bareback through the streets of Coventry. But people who are lured into the theatres with the idea that they will get a thrill from this spectacle are due for a large dose of disappointment. If Lady Godiva actually looked anything like the actress who impersonates her, then Peeping Tom was the most colossal simp in history.

### "Missing Husbands"

ANOTHER foreign production, with somewhat more legitimate claims to public attention, is "Missing Husbands"—which was made by a French company in Africa.

It is a weird affair—the story of a mysterious queen who rules over the lost continent of Atlantis. She has a great deal of admiration for the Allied forces, but this regard takes a rather embarrassing form: she wants to marry them all. Scouts in her employ scour the Sahara for French and British officers, and lure them to her mysterious domain, where they are shown every hospitality. In fact, the Queen is cordial to a fault, and her attentions so completely overwhelm her various guests that they invariably commit suicide. She then turns them into gold and mounts them in her trophy room.

"Missing Husbands," like "Lady Godiva," would have been more convincing if its producers had found a beautiful woman to play the Queen.

### "North of the Rio Grande"

"NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE" is a confused jumble of cowboys, Bebe Daniels, old Spanish missions, horse thieves, Jack Holt, bad sub-titles and beautiful

scenery. The relation of these various elements is never made quite clear.

Perhaps there is a big idea behind the picture. Possibly it is an allegorical drama, with a tremendous moral lesson. And then again, perhaps it is just a singularly stupid and inept movie. The readers of this page are at liberty to choose for themselves.

### A Word of Cheer

A CAUSTIC critic once referred to the motion picture editor of LIFE as "a dyspeptic old crab." This remark, though uttered, no doubt, in the friendliest spirit, has always rankled considerably, and has impelled me to lean over backwards in my efforts to be optimistic about the silent drama. I have persistently tried to color my reviews with polyaniline dyes.

However, the task is too much for me just at present. The general run of films during the sultry season is always frankly bad—and this year it is worse than that. All the producers are saving their more ambitious offerings for next fall, and are unloading their weak sisters now. So that, if I am to keep the record clear, I must go back a little and dig up some movies that are really worthy of praise. The following, all of which have been presented in 1922, answer that description:

"Tol'able David," "Orphans of the Storm," "Red Hot Romance," "One Glorious Day," "For the Defense," "Polly of the Follies," "The Sin Flood," "Grandma's Boy," "The Loves of Pharaoh," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Boat."

This list of citations ought to prove that I don't belong in the dyspeptic-old-crab class. At least, I am not old.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)







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### Her Vision

A wealthy woman of fifty was told that her husband was in love with his stenographer. "You can see it yourself," they told her.

She replied: "No, I cannot see it. A young woman or a blind woman might see it; but I am fifty and I am not blind. I know what not to see."

—*Charleston News and Courier.*

### Rest and Relaxation

DOCTOR: You must take a complete rest. By the way, what's your occupation?

PATIENT: I'm an Anarchist.

DOCTOR: Well, don't throw any more bombs for a month at least.—*Punch.*

### En Route

"Mose, what would you do if you received a letter from the Ku Klux Klan?" a local negro was asked.

"Well, sah, I'd read it on a train," replied Mose.—*Atchison Globe.*

"WHAT is the happiest day in one's life?"

"To-morrow."—*Boston Transcript.*



"NOBODY LOVES ME."

—*G. E. Studdy, in the Sketch (London).*

### Not a Consuming Passion

An Englishman, newly arrived in this country, was taken home to dinner one night by a friend. There was corn on the table, and the host, knowing that most Englishmen are not very familiar with this vegetable, asked if he liked it.

"Oh, yes," replied the visitor, apparently not wishing to appear discourteous; "I like it."

But when the platter of Golden Bantam was passed, he did not take any.

"Why," said the host, "I thought you said you liked corn."

"I do like it," explained the Englishman; "but I don't like it well enough to eat it."—*Everybody's.*

### Ignorantia Legis

"Ignorance of the law is never excused," said the bright young lawyer.

"Then I'll be d—d if you get any fee," replied the poor client.

—*California Pelican.*

### Distinction and Difference

I. W. W.: That bloke never did a tap o' work in his life.

DELEGATE: Har! Is he a comrade or a cursed capitalist?—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

"WHERE's the capital of the United States?"

"In Europe."—*Lehigh Burr.*

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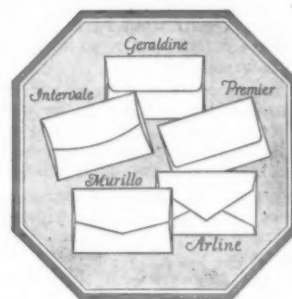
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## Jim Henry's Column

### A Digression

I have a one-product mind. I shall always consider that the purpose for which I was produced was to show men how to enjoy shaving by doing it right—with Mennen Shaving Cream.

So it is with reluctance that I occasionally capitalize on the confidence which millions of converts must feel regarding anything I tell them, by discussing other products.

It is a peculiar fact that only recently has science concerned itself with bodily comfort. Our internal mechanism has always appealed to science as an attractive field for experimentation and research but things like itching, raw skin, prickly heat and baby rashes have not ranked as laboratory head liners.

Now my company has always specialized on comfort. It gave Talcum to the world. It freed men from old-fashioned shaving soap. But I am inclined to believe that history will record as Mennen's greatest contribution to the comfort of living, our miraculous Kora-Konia.

Kora-Konia is one of those things you have to find out about for yourself. I can tell you that it's great for sunburn, but you will never appreciate what I mean until you see the angry redness change to healthy pink, and the pain subsides.

I can assure you that it saves you from the torture of skin rubbed raw by damp clothing or chafing muscles, but you must shoot eighteen holes without a suggestion of irritation before you will understand.

But Kora-Konia reaches its pinnacle of beneficence on babies. A baby with plenty of food inside and plenty of Kora-Konia outside is at peace.

I feel some diffidence in discussing the matter, but through no fault of its own, a baby's skin is exposed to conditions which can only be described as deplorable. Kora-Konia places on inflamed little legs and other areas, a velvety film of cooling, soothing powder which clings for hours, protecting while it heals.

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*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

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### Driven to Action

When an East End man recently applied for settlement of a claim for fire insurance the agent asked:

"Much damage?"

"Not much," the man said, "just a door."

"How much would a new door cost?"

"About five dollars."

"When did the fire happen?"

The man hesitated a moment and then replied:

"About thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have waited all these years to report it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How in the world does that come?"

"Well, sir," said the man, "the women folks at my house have been at me to do something about that door ever since it was burned, and I just couldn't stand it any longer."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

### Reassuring

Six-year-old Dora returned unusually early from school the other day. She rang the door bell. There was no answer. She rang again, a little longer. Still there was no response. A third time she pressed the button, long and hard. Nobody came to the door, and she pressed her nose against the window pane and in a shrill voice, which caught the ears of every neighbor, called:

"It's all right, mamma, I'm not the instalment man."

—*Weekly Telegraph (London)*.

### The Ruse

"Is that an interesting book you are reading?" asked the garrulous traveler.

"Why, yes," said the crafty old gentleman, carefully concealing the title of the best seller he had in his hand. "This is a book on relativity. Now, if you have an hour or two to spare, I'll explain the theory to you, so—"

But even as he spoke the garrulous traveler rose from his seat and fled to the smoker.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

### To Horse!

YOUNG SON: Papa, now that you've bought sister a piano, couldn't you buy me a pony?

FATHER: What for, my child?

SON: So I can go out for a ride when she is learning to play.

—*Der Brummer (Berlin)*.

### Breakers Ahead

"I consulted a clairvoyant before my marriage and asked if she saw any breakers ahead."

"What did she say?"

"Said she saw twelve cooks and twenty-seven parlormaid."—*Boston Transcript*.

### Incorrigible

MISTRESS: Mary, have you cemented the handle on to the water-jug, which you dropped yesterday?

MARY: I started to, mum, but I dropped the cement bottle.—*London Morning Post*.

"NIGGAH, I ain't 'fraid of yuh. I'd jes as soon hit yuh as not."

"Yeh, an' yuh'd jes as not to as soon."

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

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LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-five years. In that time it has expended \$205,652.78 and has given a fortnight in the country to 42,722 poor city children. Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

IT is early summertime now and even the worst parts of New York are endurable. Real summer will soon be here. And hot days. And hotter nights with stored heat pouring from pavements and masonry. And torrid tenements with their bad air and evil smells where little children are denied their heritage of sky and fields and brooks and wholesome food and play.

Which is one way of saying that LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund is getting ready to resume its annual mission of helping to relieve some of this child misery. The work at the Branchville Farm is carried on entirely through the generosity of LIFE's readers which for thirty-five years has never failed to supply the means to send a regiment of poor youngsters for a fortnight's stay in the country. Here are the contributions received since the final acknowledgments of last year:

Col. C. G. Prospero, Washington, Miss.	\$ 5.00
Anonymous, Chippewa Falls, Wis.	8.91
"R. B. G.", Hartford, Conn.	5.00
Friends at Library Bureau, Cambridge, Mass.	1.10
Proceeds from sale of Liberty bond donated by Miss Mary Seater, Canton, Miss.	94.08
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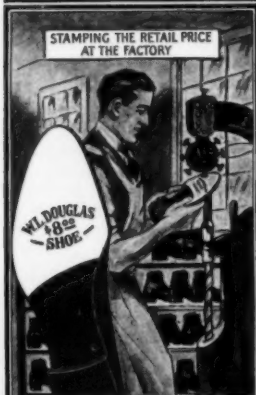
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## The Latest Books

(Continued from page 22)

of! Ideas would come to him just by the bushel-basketful, nor was he afraid to spout 'em out, not Peter, and they are right there in cold print, without quotation marks or anything.

At the very beginning you think that maybe Peter is going to be another Enoch Soames—you hope he's going to be another Enoch Soames—but then he goes and gets drunk on George Moore and all jazzed up on Grand Opera, and, well, Peter is not another Enoch Soames.

**THIRTEEN YEARS AT THE RUSSIAN COURT**, by Pierre Galliard (Doran). The main figure in this book is not the Czar, but the Czarevitch. Around him and his dreadful incurable disease the story is centered, an arrangement to be expected from the author, the Czarevitch's former tutor. The appalling possibility of an accident to "The Heir," hung ever-threateningly over the family life of the Czar; the more than likely possibility that the hope and pride of all the Russians might, at any time, through some trifling bruise, bleed internally to death. It was the horror of this that put the Czarina into Rasputin's hands, thereby involving her entire family and herself in their final ruin. As might be expected, the author has considered everything—the war, the revolution, the abdication, and the captivity—solely from its effect upon the Royal Family. But what ever one's political feelings, it is difficult not to sympathize with those credulous and pleasant-spoken people who went heroically to a savage and a senseless death.

W. L.

## Taking a Chance

"So you want a guide, eh?" The owner of "Mountain View Inn" pointed to a villainous fellow who was leaning against the door. "That there is a dog-gone good guide. I've got three of 'em, and that man out there chopping wood is another one."

"Do you mean the savage-looking fellow with the red hair and bowie knife?"

"Yep, that's him—the other guide is cleaning his rifle, upstairs."

"Well, I want the one that's upstairs," sighed the traveler.

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

**Sherlock Holmes.** *United Artists.*—John Barrymore gives a splendid performance as the famous sleuth.

**The Beauty Shop.** *Paramount.*—A very tiresome farce swamped in a sea of silly subtitles.

**The Paleface.** *First National.*—Buster Keaton, of the solemn visage, makes another valiant attempt to dispel the prevalent depression. If he doesn't succeed, then the task is hopeless.

**Beyond the Rocks.** *Paramount.*—Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino in a story by Elinor Glyn. What more could one ask? Well—we, for one, could ask a great deal more.

**The Prisoner of Zenda.** *Metro.*—Rex Ingram's production of Anthony Hope's romantic novel. Well acted and well set, but not quite as exciting as it might be.

**The Trap.** *Universal.*—Lon Chaney manufactures a new thrill with each change of face.

**The Man From Home.** *Paramount.*—An insipid story, poorly done.

**Grandma's Boy.** *Pathé.*—Harold Lloyd in a five-reel comedy that is the best thing of its kind since "The Kid."

**Smilin' Through.** *First National.*—Norma Talmadge as a heroine who gets a return-trip ticket across the River Styx.

**Across the Continent.** *Paramount.*—A highly entertaining melodrama, with Wallace Reid covering three thousand miles of territory in five thousand feet of film.

**Pay Day.** *First National.*—A pardonable lapse in Charlie Chaplin's triumphant career.

**The Loves of Pharaoh.** *Paramount.*—Night life in Ancient Thebes, described in marvelously dramatic fashion.

**His Wife's Husband.** *Pyramid.*—The beautiful Betty Blythe in an involved drama about a servant girl who marries a mayor.

**For Review Next Week.**—"Trouble," "Find the Woman," "Silver Wings," "Nero" and "The Crossroads of New York."

R. E. S.

### The AUTOGLAS



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## The Royal Game

The Prince of Wales played a round of golf with the Regent Hirohito.  
—News Item from Tokio.

THEY drive.

EDWARD: Bully! A splendid shot. (To himself. If he plays like that this will be a circus.)

HIROHITO: Banzai! An accurate stroke. (To himself. These customs of Western sport become quickly tedious.)

EDWARD: You managed the bunker beautifully, Your Highness. (He should have brought a shovel.)

HIROHITO: Your skill is magnificent, wonderful. (It ought to be, they never do anything else.)

EDWARD: This is a most interesting course. (A blind man could play it with a billiard cue.)

HIROHITO: I was afraid you would find it exceedingly dull. (Though I fail to see the good in any of them.)

EDWARD: It was most kind of you to arrange a game. (But a chess tournament would have been as exciting.)

HIROHITO: One seldom has the pleasure of playing with such a skillful sportsman. (And Heaven knows seldom is often enough.)

EDWARD: That putt was truly a stroke of genius. (If you had come within three feet of the hole.)

HIROHITO: It has been a delightful privilege to play with you, Your Highness. (But I hope I shall never have to do it again.)

EDWARD: Yes, I hope we may have another match some day. (God forbid.)

They shake hands and leave the links.

## Nobody Lies Any More

BUT—  
My distinguished colleague is laboring under a misapprehension when he says—

The Gentleman from Mississippi states what I feel sure he knows is not in strict accordance with the facts—

The assumption drawn by Your Excellency with regard to the purport of Paragraph 9 is without parallel in international law—

Our usually accurate neighbor, The Star-Gazette, has evidently been misled into believing—

The Lord, who knoweth all things, shall judge between me and thee—

It is our opinion that the statements attributed to the patient were products of a mental aberration or psychosis rendering him temporarily irresponsible—

And besides, my dear, I really hadn't the heart to hurt her feelings.

THE only contented people are those who realize how full the world is of things that they can do nothing about.

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